

Shout Out to Lucien

All names in this essay are changed to prevent exposure to unwanted attention (except myself)

I never really liked school. I always thought of it as something everybody (in first world countries) had to go through. Me and assignments don't really have a good relationship. I always forget to do them, don't want to do them, or question why I have to do them. Written assignments are the bane of my existence. I never do well on them, and at one point I stopped trying to do good on them because it seemed, I would always get a B. I just never got why they were required.

Speaking of, another thing that I think is required is going to school. One day, I was going to school on the trolley. Not much happened there, but when I got to school, I had remembered that I forgot to do my homework that day. So I quickly rushed to the second floor, where my locker was. Locker number 1XX. Good Ol' number 1XX. I hastily opened my book bag to the pocket which had the key to my school belongings and opened it. My binder was still as I had left it on Wednesday afternoon. I opened it up in all its geometrical glory and finished my paper in less than 3.50 seconds.

"That's a world record", I thought to myself. "Tree Fiddy." But at the time I did not have any of said time to waste. I pulled out my phone and checked the time. It read 7:47.

"Good, I still have time", I thought again. At least now I can go socialize so people don't think I'm weird. I closed my locker, put the lock on, put the key in my bag, and zipped it up. As I turned the corner, I already saw my two friends Mashed, and Shawne. Mashed loved boats and Shawne was an expert in DoTA 2, a video game.

"They aight, they tight, they cool," I repeated my Mantra to myself. The mantra for today was to help me be friends with cool people. That is why I did not talk with Macha or Arsen. They were two Norwegian kids who moved to America.

My first class was Bio-Chem. It was the opposite of lit, elt rhymed with lit though. We had to do a “spit lab” in which someone continuously spits into a bowl like item made of plastic and we tested it for glucose. It was decided with swayed votes that I had to be the one who spit. My mouth was dry to say the least. I lost interest for the rest of the class and that was that. The next class I had was Geometry. Geometry is extremely dull to me. It does not challenge myself whatsoever. But hey, easy A. The class after that was Health. I liked health. I don’t have any idea what is going on in health, but I get by. It mostly has to do with making choices, in which I consider myself good at. I do so with flying colors as in matter of fact. Following Health, was my elective; CTE Dig Vid. It stands for digital video. It’s the class I like the most since it easy to understand, easy to apply and find real life examples, and it’s fun (to me at least). I had a blast in there, but it’s felt empty ever since my Hispanic friend Lotion left to go to another elective. I’ve filled that emptiness with food, provided by the school store, so all is well.

Finally, my third to last class was English. English is fun, however, I don’t read often so there was a bit of a week where I did not complete the reading assignments to the best of my ability. But that time has passed now. We usually begin the class with a time set aside for reading. The thing I like about my English class is that we get to choose what books we read. I have a ton of books that I loved, so I think this year is the year of English Class.

Reading time was now over, and it was time to take notes. The things I heard next will haunt me to this day. I was so traumatized by the event that I did not remember exactly what had happened. The teacher had said what was said to me so many times in prior years. She had said something along the lines of “Class, we have an assignment.” I hated those words. Anything that included writing was not my thing, and it probably never will be. That day on Thursday, the 22nd of October was the day that I got another writing assignment that I would have to pour what little soul I had into. It was little because of prior assignments not because I’m

evil or anything. Another example of how certain things are required from you. In most cases you don't even learn anything from the essays. Aside from practicing your grammar and english, I think it does not aid your learning.

This system of education simply is, well, not very effective in my opinion. Students should learn more of what they want to learn and on top of that the basics of everything else, and then some in between. The idea of being successful has been defined by people before my generation way back. To be successful you must go to school, get good grades, go to high school, then college, then become a doctor, lawyer, or even an engineer like my Norwegian friend Macha. To then follow the laws and become a part of society, and claim you are *free* is as absurd as Donald Trump saying something intelligent. I think that society's current definition of success is askew and not what most people want. I feel as if that if we break this system, we can find who we are and what we want to be.